



AN
ESSAY
UPON
SOMETHING:
OR
SOMETHING
OF AN
ESSAY.

By TIMOTHY SCRUB, of *Rag-Fair*, Esq;



ESSAY

ON

SOMETHING

OR

SOMETHING

OF AN

ESSAY

BY J. MONTAGUE

N^o 4.

AN

Wm: Harris.

ESSAY

UPON

SOMETHING:

OR

SOMETHING

OF AN

ESSAY.

Being a full and compleat Answer to all *that has been, or can be published* by that Infamous; Knitty, Lousy, Shabby, Scabby, Paultry, Insignificant, Venemous, Billingsgate, Pickpocket Son-of-a-Whore CALEB D'ANVERS Esq;

By TIMOTHY SCRUB, of Rag-Fair, Esq;

And here it cannot be improper to observe, that any Author, who in his Writings has no Manner of Regard to Truth, and breaks through the established Rules of Decency and Good-Manners, will do himself much more Harm, than the Person he writes against. A Reader must be extreamly dull, who is not able to distinguish Truth from Passion, and Reason from Resentment.

Letter to the King of Sparta,

L O N D O N :

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A N
E S S A Y
U P O N
S O M E T H I N G .



IT is a very great Misfortune to a Man of Merit to be buried in Obscurity: For Want of being known, he not only leads an uncomfortable Life himself, but his Country is deprived of those Talents, which might be vastly advantageous to the Publick.

lick, that is, his Country loses the Advantage which he might be of to his Country.

Modesty is certainly an amiable Virtue ; but we are so accustom'd to Misnomers, as the Lawyers term them, that we are very apt to deck Vice with the Name of Virtue, and impose on our selves, as well as others: I have often heard a timid Bashfulness call'd by the Name of Modesty; and have known Men of bright Parts do the Injury to the Publick of secreting themselves, being conscious that they might not make that Figure in the Eyes of the World, which might be expected from them. — *This is criminal.*

I my self was long of this Class of Men; and had not the Interest of my Country awaken'd me to a modest Assurance, those happy Talents with which Nature has bless'd me, would have been lost in Oblivion.

Hunger has indeed often admonish'd me to shake off this false Modesty, which leads us into an unjustifiable Indolence: But even Hunger had not that Power over me which my dear Country has, and which alone has been
pre-

prevalent enough to make me draw my Pen —

I once before this have appear'd in Print; but it was on the Side of a Party (and only as a Specimen) which thinks itself powerfully supported by *Truth*. Indeed, I wrote then against my Inclination; but I was in Hopes, that those for whom I have a Tendency, would have thought it worth their while to have bought me off, and have employ'd me on the other Side of the Question; as I gave them a true Detail of my extraordinary Qualifications.

This was acting like a Politician indeed; for I look upon it one of the surest Marks of a Statesman, the being quite different from what he appears, and the having *Truth* in Abhorrence.

But I fear I was too refin'd for the Heads of that Party I wish to serve; since I have remark'd, that a short-sighted Man brings the Object he would examine to a very near Distance.

The Piece I now write, is to rouse those Gentlemen, for whose Interest I am zealous
to

to take notice of what I am capable ; if they take me up, and put me in the Custody of a Messenger, I may, in spite of themselves, be of Service to them ; for both their, and my Necessities are so great, it is possible we might beget a very seasonable Plot ; which would be of great Use to the Publick at the present Writing. For —

I have little *Conscience*, and they a great deal of *Money* ; & *quando Pecunia gignit super Conscientiam*, that is, when Money gets astride upon Conscience, 'tis very seldom, but the Issue is of great Advantage to the Commonwealth.

Si Oculus & Amicus meus : If I and my Friend laid our Heads and Purfes together, *faciamus puteum satis*, we may do well enough : And really I don't think there's any Inequality for *Caput vacuum* against *Crumenam vacuum* ; and *Caput stuffatum* against *Crumenam stuffatam*, is but just on both Sides.

That I have an *Abounding Head*, these Essays will evince ; that my Friend —, or he, whom I am a Friend to, has an *Abounding Purse*, every Englishman will bear Witness, for

for — But my Reader has nothing to do with what I was a^lgoing to say ; he pays only for what *I do say*. —

I beg Leave to detain my candid Reader, but a very little longer in this my Introduction ; and it is to convince him, that the *Love of my Country* is the only Reason which induces me to appear a second Time in Print. I was directed by a Gentleman who knows my Value, to apply myself to a certain Person in *A-----n-Street*. I unhappily mistook the Door. I sent up my last Performance to the Master of the House with the Page doubled down, where I give an Account of my self. The Gentleman sent Word, *He envy'd my happy Talents, which would certainly raise me, if I address'd my self to his Next-door Neighbour.*

I was loth to lose my Labour, and went as advis'd ; but — The Porter told me, His Master had already experienc'd, that Men of my Character only made Things worse. *But heark'ye*, said he in my Ear, *can you fight ?* I humm'd on the Question, having never ask'd it of my self ; and, after a while, begg'd Time to consider on it. *Do so*, replied

ply'd the Porter, and come again; — tho' take this with you, you'll run very little *Risque*; for my Master always provides brown Paper for his Champions.

When I came Home, I considered, that there might, notwithstanding Precaution, be Danger in entering into Duels; and so pluck'd up a Courage, and — resolv'd not to run the Hazard.

By this 'tis plain, I am in Fee on neither Side, and consequently have only the *publick Good* at Heart. Thus much, gentle Reader, take as an Introduction; what follows you may name as you please; but I call the Sequel, *Essays*, from the French, *Essayer*, to make a Trial, as I do, to serve my Country.

A certain noble Lord said, *Common Sense* was not so common, as it is commonly thought. And I must do that Man of Quality the Honour of subscribing to his Opinion; for 'tis very difficult to find what is term'd *common Sense*, even in our most celebrated Writers: Who, of common Sense, would endeavour to make a silken Purse of a Sow's Ear? to wash a Blackmoor white? to give Light to him who obstinately

obstinately shuts his Eyes? to sing to the deaf? or advise a Coward not to suffer repeated Bastinadoes? And yet we see our Authors of the first Class, endeavouring at these Impossibilities. The *Flying Post*, the *Free-Briton*, the *London Journal*, are all guilty of these Follies, when they attempt the making an obstinate, stupid, ungrateful People sensible of, and thankful for the Blessings they enjoy under a vigilant and wise Administration.

We are generally malevolent in our Nature: Self-Love and Envy often shuts our Eyes, and closes our Ears, to the real *Virtues* of our Fellow-Subject; but quickens the Sight, and makes us attentive to the Vices laid to their Charge, however fictitious; especially, if the Subjects of our Envy, has by his conspicuous Talents made himself our Superior.

This is the evident Reason why that Bolefeu, the *Craftsman*, is generally read, and the Papers above mentioned almost as generally neglected; tho' its plain the Productions of these Authors shew a Genius vastly superior to that of Mr. *D'Anvers*.

There

There may, indeed, be another Reason al-
 ledged which is, that the Genius of the *En-*
glish is so bent to Politicks, that they can-
 not abide any Thing which bears the Mark of
Truth; and as Squire *Caleb* is an inexhaustible
 Source of *Lies*, it will not be thought strange,
 that the Lucubrations of that senseless Pimp,
 that despicable Tool, that scandalous In-
 cendiary, that envious Detractor, that Son
 of a Whore, that Vilain, that Rascal, Beg-
 gar, Scoundrel, Billingsgate, Sodomitical,
 Perjur'd, Empty, Heretical, Pett y-fogging
 Dabbler in Politicks, that Traytor, Jacobite,
 Enemy to his Country, Hireling, Stentoropho-
 nick Tube to [the Devil, should allure, while
 the Works of Patriots, Men of Honour and Con-
 science, who write from a publick Zeal, who
 lay themselves out for the publick Good,
 and expect no Reward but that which at-
 tends Virtue, are so little taken notice of,
 that they hardly pay the Press and Paper.

What, in the Name of *Lucifer* and all his
 Fiends, the inspiring Genii of the *Craftsman*,
 would the People be at? What the *Craftsman*
 aims at is visible: He would write his
 Patrons into the Administration; and then
 hopes

hopes his *dirty Work* will be rewarded with a *Post*: He would make the People the Rounds of a Ladder for his Patrons and himself to mount by; and then make them sensible of the imaginary Evils he has found out for them. He makes a noble Person, noted for his consummate Wisdom and Experience, a Person who is the Prodigy of the Age, and will make the most shining Figure in History; he makes him, I say, a *Bear*, and make us the Dogs to bait him. Was there ever such Impudence on one Side, and such Stupidity on the other? But I hope to see the Scoundrel made an *Evêque de Campagne*, & *qu'il donnera la bénédiction avec les pieds* — But rot him, Hanging is too good for such a Catamite, such a Coxcomb, such a *Grubean* Scribler, such a T---d---

Can this Fellow, this Mushroom, prove any of the Evils which take Birth in his Papers, from their Consequences?

No; the Dog knows he cannot: But I will prove the Consequences of those Vices, which his scurrilous, defamatory Pen lays at the Door of a great Man; and, as we are

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Strangers

Strangers to such Consequences, prove, as clear as possibly any Thing can be proved, that he is an impudent, brazen-faced, hollow-hearted, noisy, empty, Jackanapes, a Prig, and a Lying Jack-a-Dandy; and I now give him the Lye. *Caleb D'Anvers*, When you say we are not a rich People, you lye; not a powerful People, you lye egregiously; not revered for our Councils at Home, and dreaded abroad by the Terror of our Arms, you lye monstrously; not a flourishing Nation, you lye impudently; that our Trade is not *extenuated*, I mean *extended*, you lye horridly; that we are a divided Nation, you lye filthily; that you ever told a Word of Truth, you lie in your Throat; and, as I have crammed the Lye there, I'll make you swallow it; I'll thrust it into your Stomach; ram it into your Bowels, where it shall work, 'till you make more wry Faces than you would with a Fit of the Cholick, or the Singing your Penitential Psalm under a Beam, destined for such Rogues as you are.

'Tis very common for the *Craftsman* to lay to the Charge of a *great Man*, a most *noble Person*, the enriching himself and Family as a
 heinous

heinous Crime; and not less frequently does he tax him with Folly : How evident a Contradiction is this? Had he tax'd him with being a *Beggar* and a *Fool*, the Puppy had been consistent. But it is an incorrigible illiterate Blockhead.

There is hardly a Crime which any vicious Minister has been noted for in History, but he rakes it up, and lays the Load at the Door of this *good* and *great* Man, and he is made to answer as the Principle, for the Miscarriages, Blunders, and Oversights of other People, though in another Kingdom : Nay, I have heard this truly noble Patriot accused as the Author of *Wood's* Projects, both of that of the Half-Pence in *Ireland*, (though I believe this great Man was never in that Kingdom,) and of that in *England*, for refining or smelting Iron. And yet I have heard his Enemies acknowledge he never yet *refin'd* upon any Thing ; and that he would as soon meddle with *Poison* as Fire.

If this great Man answer'd the Picture which the infamous *Caleb* draws for him, the Consequences would soon justify the Charge ;

for if he by bribed Parliaments struck at our Liberties, are not the Funds settled by Act of Parliament? Has he not a standing Army? and can it not make those Funds perpetual, and future Parliaments unnecessary? And has any Thing like this been attempted? Has a despotick Power been ever squinted at? Nay, does not the Assertion of that Reptile, *Caleb*, prove that great Man has nothing more at Heart than our Liberties; for if a Parliament is the Barrier between the Prerogative of the Crown, and the Liberty of the People, how much are we oblig'd to him who makes it his Business to pick out Men of Probity to discharge so great a Trust, and guides the Choice of the Freeholders at the Expence of his Purse, knowing how easily the common People may be imposed on by specious Harangues, imaginary Dangers, and fictitious Zeal.

A heavy Charge of this Male-Content, is, The *Spaniards* taking our Ships. Had a noble Colonel ravished a Maid of Honour, it would be as just to condemn the Mother of the Maids for the Rape: But is the Worm who brings this Charge a proper Judge to deter-

determine what is most proper? Or can he tell what Measures are design'd to assert the Honour of the *English* Name, and vindicate our Dominion of the Sea? Why, No! and that is one of the Reasons for the Overflowing of his Gall. This seditious Fellow, were he to lay down a Scheme of Government, and not have a Hand in the Management, would mutiny against his own Measures. If we are forbearing, in Hopes of conserving the Peace of *Europe*; we betray the Honour of the Nation, and ruin our Merchants, for Impunity encourages these frequent Depredations! And should we exert ourselves, and demand Satisfaction Sword-in-Hand, we plunge the Nation into Calamities! We are too poor to support a War; and, like an old Mastiff which has lost his Teeth, we may lay hold, but shall not annoy: The *Charge* of Peace has render'd us unable to support the *Expense* of a War! Now, who knows how to please this lousy Ragamuffian? Will you be content with Peace? No. Will you be pleas'd with a War? No. A Truce? No. And I think 'tis plain by his Writings, that he is not at all satisfy'd with the present happy hermaphroditical State we now enjoy; that

that just *Medium* of neither Peace enough to become luxurious, nor War enough to drein us.

Were I a passionate Man, this vile Procedure would tempt me beyond Patience; and wou'd I follow the Example of the scurvy Writers on *Caleb's* Side, and retort their Billingsgate Dialect, how justly might I expect to be excus'd by the Publick; but Decency and Mildness are always the Companions of Truth and Justice. The Moderation with which I treat this contemptible Animal, is greater Proof of the Integrity of my Cause, than the injurious beggarly Language, with which he embellishes his nonsensical Productions, can be of the Uprightness of that he espouses. What he wants in *Truth*, he supplies with *Scurrility*; and if he can't argue, he shews he can call Names. But Reproof is lost on him; and I mispend Time in endeavouring by any Representation to correct the Manners of such a knitty, lousy Tatterdemalion. I shall therefore proceed, and shew a few more of this-Coxcomb's Blunders.

You

You shall find in almost one and the same Breath, he talks of the Poverty of the Nation, and our bribing all the neighbouring States. Now, *Caleb*, prick up your Ass's Ears, and learn Argumentation. If we are poor, how can we bribe our Neighbours? If we can bribe our Neighbours, how can we be poor? You see how easily you are confuted. This is your Way of forming Syllogisms:

*Who tells Lyes is a Scoundrel:
But I never told a Lye in my Life;
Ergo, I am a Scoundrel. —*

Go to the Schools again, you Puppy: You a Politician! You mine A——!

Would I recriminate upon your squab Patron, which I scorn to do, though he is a slovenly, dirty, stinking, cowardly, beggarly Tun-of-Guts, you would be too busy in inventing Lyes for his Justification to be abusive; and I don't know but it would be the only Method to make you write somewhat more like a Gentleman, and treat your Betters with a little Decency; but
I beg

I beg Pardon for stepping aside to speak about such a C——b L——se, who never bites beyond the Skin, and only causes an Itching, when he fancies he has made his Antagonist smart.

As I abominate the Raking into Dirt, I will leave the filthy Descriptions of this Pseudo-Statesman ; and, as I promised, shew the necessary Consequences, flowing from the Administration of a self-interested Minister ; and, as all the World will acknowledge we neither feel, nor apprehend such Consequences, I shall flash Conviction in his Face, and every Man of Sense will piss upon him, if ever he dares to presume to write again. I shall to this End chuse approved History ; or else, as he has the Impudence of the Devil, he may pretend to deny my Inferences, should I make 'em. I shall only add one Thing more, to shew that I am calm, and not to be moved by his Malice and Calumny ; and that is, If he should hereafter, supported by a tripple Front of Brass, take again his Pen in Hand, and continue his abusive Way of Railing, he shall be answered, with regard to my own Character, with *cool Reason* ; and I
hope

hope he will (though I know him villainously unjust) allow I have in this Pamphlet treated him in another Sort of Manner, than he treats his Adversaries.

But I must beg Pardon of my Reader for a Moment, that I may, *en Passant*, take notice of a Lunatick, Tatterdemalion Gaol-Bird, who is not of Consequence enough to be the Particular Subject of my Pen. This Fellow had the consummate Impudence to endeavour at introducing the *Turkish Policy* among us *Protestants*; for he had read, that when in *Turky* a Person had suffer'd some *notorious Injury*, in which the *Prime Visier* was a *Confederate*, or *Principal*, or for which he had not caused Justice to be done, the Party injur'd had Liberty to *appeal to the Grand Seignior himself*. The Ceremony is this: He who is aggriev'd puts Fire on his Head, enters the *Seraglio*, runs hastily, (and no Body dare stop him,) till he comes to the Presence of the Sultan, to whom he has the Liberty to *state his Injury*.

Now this Monkey, being hot headed, and carrying the Fire of Rancour in his Heart, took it into his Fool's Noddle, that by a head-

D

less

less Tale of imaginary Wrongs suffer'd from a *most noble Person*, who is as *humane* and *good*, as this Rascal is *envious* and *filly*; I say, he, like a Puppy, fancy'd he could set an *English* Court in a Flame; and in his raving Fit, imagining our King a great Turk, and a great Man to be a Prime Visier, writes a Petition to his Majesty, and desires the *Bow-String* might be sent to — and he might have his *Head*. And this, upon my Reputation, upon my Veracity, upon my Word and Honour, and on my Credit, as an impartial Author, is the Purport of this Concomb's Petition.

What meant he, you'll say, by such an idle Procedure? Why, the Fellow's *mad*, I told you! and he's a *Mahometan*, and was born in *Turky*, let him deny it as much as he pleases: And as there it's nothing surprizing to see the most Abject rise at once to the highest Dignities, so he had given himself this great Man's Post; and I fancy the following Story fell in his Way, and occasion'd his Visions of Grandeur.

“ It happen'd (it's not a Half-Penny
 “ Matter how) that in *Constantinople*, there
 “ was

“ was so great a Scarcity of Flesh, that
 “ who was at Market at the usual Time
 “ for making their Day's Provision, were
 “ obliged to take up with Duke *Humphrey's*
 “ Table. Now, a Cook belonging to a
 “ Chamber of Janizaries came one Morn-
 “ ing too late to get any Meat; the Con-
 “ sequence of which he was well satisfy'd
 “ would be a liberal Bastinado; for that
 “ Chamber of Janizaries would that Day
 “ fast. The Reflection on the Punishment
 “ he was sure of, as if he had it in his Poc-
 “ ket, put him into a violent Passion: He
 “ told his Misfortune to the People in the
 “ Streets, exclaimed against the Govern-
 “ ment; and, with all the Generosity ima-
 “ ginable, was making, at every Step, a
 “ Present of some Magistrate or principal
 “ Officer to the Devil.

“ The Grand Seignior passing in Disguise,
 “ and seeing this poor Fellow in such a
 “ taking, ask'd him the Reason of his
 “ Passion.

“ I shall get no Remedy, nor you any
 “ great Satisfaction, said the Fellow, in sa-

" tisfying your Curiosity ; for the Grand
 " Seignior alone is able to redress the
 " Wrong by which I am sure to suffer ;
 " the Thoughts of which is the Cause of my
 " present Trouble. However, on the repeat-
 " ed Instances of the Sultan, the Fellow
 " told him his Misfortune ; and added, that
 " the Prime Visier, and other Officers, were
 " too intent on their own Interests, and the
 " enriching themselves, to look into and
 " rectify these Disorders, which they thought
 " below their Dignity to inspect ; but,
 " were I Prime Minister, I would take
 " Care that this great City should be so
 " well supply'd with Flesh, that it should
 " be found at all Hours of the Day.
 " Now, pray, continued he, what Good
 " has the Telling my Misfortune done
 " you ? Or what Likelihood is there of my
 " escaping Punishment ?

" The Grand Seignior returning to the
 " Seraglio, consider'd on what the Cook
 " had said ; and sending for him, made
 " him Prime Visier ; and it's recorded that
 " the City was well serv'd under his Ad-
 " ministration ; and that he proved an Ex-
 " cellent Minister."

Now

Now this Tool, having, I suppose, (nay, what signifies supposing,) read this Story, (and I'll take my Oath he has read it, tho' I never saw the sorry Dog in my Life,) I say, he, upon the Reading the Story I have just given you, the Numscull, the Zany, the Bedlamite, the Pierro of the Political Stage, the Harlequin, and Scaramouch, thought Noise, Impudence, and the Title of 'Squire, (which we allow, in the Mob-Acceptation, he has a Right to,) would raise him from a Gaol, as *Truth* did the Cook, to a Court: But, as he is a dirty, senseless, Coxcombical, fartical, turdical, phistical, and sophistical, asthmatical Son of a B——, I will no longer tire my Reader's Patience, by a farther Refutation of the Booby's Writings, which I would scorn to wipe my —— with; and so I will methodically proceed, as I at first intended, to shew, that the *Craftsman* is a poor, worthless, cankered, self-interested, vilifying Incendiary, by laying the Consequences down (from History) of such, and so vile a Minister, as he would insinuate, (like a Kennel-Raker, as he is,) that our most noble Patriot actually represents.

It

It is a silly, idle Method, taken by some of our Authors, (and I myself have sometimes fallen into it,) of *begging Pardon* of their Readers for a *Digression*. I think it a Meanness below the Character of a distinguished Writer; and therefore most heartily beg my own Pardon, for having lead my self, by Force of Custom, into so foul an Error; that is, I *Timothy Scrub*, of *Ragg-Fair*, Esq, having inadvertently affronted *Timothy Scrub* of the aforesaid Place, a very noted Political Writer, do make this publick Acknowledgment, and heartily beg his Pardon.

For the future I shall, therefore, to keep up to the Dignity of a Son of *Apollo*, step aside from my Subject, as I shall see Occasion, without giving any Reason for my so doing, or troubling my Head, whether my Reader is pleas'd or displeas'd.

Just as I was going to instance what I have before promis'd, one brought me a paultry, sorry Parcel of Rhimes, called by the Author a Poem. It is intituled, *Sir Robert Brass* ;

Brass; and the Rascal that wrote it, has prophan'd the Name of *Butler*, by saying, *After the Manner of Hudibras*. This virulent Piece is a *Galimatias*, an *Ogliv*, a Hotch-Potch, of Lyes and Nonfense, supported with an imitable Vein of Dulness; and is a Proof of the Weakness of that Party, which must have Recourse to such poor Stuff, to keep up the Spirits of the Faction. You shall see how easily I will refute and confute this envenomed Wretch, this malignant poor A — Worm, who must certainly expect a considerable Reward for his Invectives.

*You, Sir, who write like any Mars,
Are you a Poet? — you mine A--;
A Poet! Fool ne'er wrote such Ditty;
And when they lye, their Lyes are witty.
Lying alone will never do,
And for your Verse, 'twill make one S—
You think we'll take unmeaning Jingle
For Poems? No; you poor Tom Dingle;
No; you lousy, starving Wight;
On Lines like yours we scorn to S—*

For

For worse than any Fakes they stink :

So, for the future, save your Ink.

Now I have done with this Coxcomb, and given him a full, I may say, a *knock-down* Answer; I shall cast a Weaver's Knot on the Thread of my Discourse where it be-broke off, and proceed.

One *Bectas*, in the Time of Sultan *Mahomet Han*, who, supported by the Grand-Mother of the Grand Seigneur, rose to the highest Dignities; and by the Methods commonly pursued by wicked Ministers, (among which, was coining Aspers with more Tin than Silver, and forcing them on the People for good Money,) possessed himself of immense Riches. But his Thirst of more, growing with his increasing Wealth, and his Ambition still rising with his Power, he oppressed his Fellow-Subjects, till they began to think of doing themselves Justice: *Bectas* perceiving the Resentment of the People grow high, thought a Change of Government the only Way to secure himself against the Fury of an enraged and oppress'd Multitude: And accordingly

cordingly projected to dethrone *Mahomet Han*, and set up his Brother. In Pursuance of this Design, which the Queen Grand-Mother readily came into, he assembled his Partisans, and fill'd the Streets of *Constantinople*; but the Vigilance and Loyalty of *Melek Ahmet* defeated all his Views; preserv'd the Prince, and this Traytor met with the Fate he merited, was made the Scorn and Derision of the People, whom he had scorn'd and derided, and died by a Cord.

As the *English* are as sensible of Injury as the *Turks*, and much less accustomed to despotick Power; and as we see no Mutiny, no Relentments from the People to the most Noble Person, who is the Envy of weak and discarded *Wou'd-be Ministers*, we may very well conclude we labour under no Oppression; and all the Evils mentioned in the Rascally *Craftsman* are purely imaginary; for no other Conclusion can be made, except that we are a degenerate, pusillanimous People, and sunk under Oppression; which I believe the most impudent of the *Craftsman's* lying, scandalous, infamous,

E

weak,

weak, and divided Faction will not dare to mutter.

I hope my Reader will observe, that I have throughout this Essay ever had an Eye to *Decency*, and kept strictly within the Bounds of *Good Manners*; which Example would be of Use to our Adversaries, could they follow it. But that can't be expected, where Railing must make up for Want of Matter, and ill Language must supply the Place of Argument; and that this is the Case of that despicable Party, and their lousy ragged Hirelings, I think is sufficiently proved by their own villanous, nonsensical, virulent, impious, atheistical, trayterous Libels: And *d—n* and *f—nk* 'em, for a Pack of obstinate, hard-headed, incorrigible, opinionated Mongrells, I shall for the future think 'em below my Notice, and do here declare, that in Case they have (any of them) the Impudence to make any Reply to the present Pamphlet, I shall scorn to answer their Ribaldry, and will commit their Work to the only Place it will deserve (should it come to my Hands) without

without reading it. Reader, *Adieu*. Left you should not happen to perceive I am come to a Conclusion of my Essay, and vainly expect more, I think proper to let you know I have now made an End. Witness the Word,

F I N I S.

—E R R A T A—

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Page 10. For Concerning the Company

